

The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume IX.]

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

Number 4.]

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

THE GARLAND



—With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.

THE GROOMS, INTO HIS MISTRESS

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of Fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And me down on the ground,
Other too within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glance at the bride,
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside her,
One was dark, and one was fair,
But not fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eye and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?
Yes to thee—and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark eyed maiden,
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,
Till my wisdom was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the churchman
Dwelt upon his holy text,
Which of all who heard his lesson
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion
For the flowers, the feast, the wine,
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady,
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:
What it were—forgive the fancy;
What if twere—both mine and thine!

MY DREAM OF BLISS WAS O'ER.

We stood beside the window—
It was the very same—
Where, years ago, together
We wrote each other's name;
I listen'd for the dear words
I us'd to hear from thee—
I listen'd, but there came not
One loving word for me!

I look'd into the blue depths
Of those beloved eyes—
I long'd to see them glisten
With thoughts of former ties;
I look'd, but oh! they spoke not
The tenderness of old!
I thought my very heart strings
Would break, they were so cold!

My hand, I laid it gently—
How gently! upon thine—
I thought its pulse beat quicker,
I thought it answer'd mine!
But no! there was no pressure!
My dream of bliss was o'er!
I knew the spell was broken—
That I was lov'd no more!

It is said there is a man in Connecticut
who walks so fast that it puts his shadow
out of breath to keep up with him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

In a sweet rural valley, nestled among the hills of old Massachusetts, stands a pleasant valley with a picturesque mill pond and factory. Three summers ago this hamlet was the temporary residence of young men, who were apparently travelling artists, as their chief occupation seemed to consist in sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Their arrival had created some stir among the villagers, for men had a certain dignity of manner that made them look up to, and many a pretty factory girl as she tripped to her work, cast back a look over her shoulder, if she met either of the handsome strangers.

Though the society of the village was usually intelligent, and the females were remarkable for loveliness, there was one named beyond all the rest, in both mind and person, sweet Edith Mather. She was an orphan, without sister or brother, and lived with an aged aunt, whom she chiefly supported by her labor in the factory. Edith was popular with every one. She was so gentle, considerate and kind, that even those who at first envied, learned at last to love her. The younger of the two artists, whom we shall name Lovell, soon became interested in this sweet creature; at least it looks, tones, and a constant seeking of her presence were any proof he was thus interested.

Some rocks on the steep hill side from which the village was overlooked and as they sat there, the bell of the factory rang and the green was immediately covered with the girls employed in it, wending their way nither after dinner. Among them it was easy to recognize the light and graceful form of Edith.

"Is she not beautiful? Where can you show me a form so sylph like?" said Lovell, with undisguised enthusiasm.

His companion made no reply for a moment, but then abruptly remarked,

"I think it is time we left this village."

"Why?" asked Lovell, in a tone of surprise.

"Because, if we do not you will have that girl in love with you. Your admiration is evident to all her friends, and you are to honorable to hold out hopes you never intend to fulfil."

"Hold out hopes I never intend to fulfil?"

"Yes—for you don't think of marrying the girl, do you?"

"To be sure."

"The deuce you do!" said his companion, starting to his feet in unfeigned astonishment.

Lovell indulged in a hearty laugh, and then asked,

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, for a thousand reasons. She's only a factory girl, a lady of neither birth nor education, but a simple country lass, very good indeed in her way, only no match for Fred Lovell. Think of presenting her to your fashionable friends in town! No—no—it will never do. Shake off this love fit; pack up your trunk and let us be off to-morrow."

Lovell shook his head.

"I am perhaps, a more romantic man than you are, Harry," he said, "but I have some common sense, which I think I have brought to bear upon this question. We have now been here a month, in which time I have become pretty well acquainted with Edith. I left town—we both left it—tearfully sick of its frivolities; and on my part, with the firm opinion that I knew no woman in our set there whom I would be willing to make a wife. The city girls are so frivolous, so fond of parties, so eager for wealthy alliances, and really so ignorant of household affairs, that for a man of taste to marry one of them would be folly. I am not fond of gay life—I think it wastes too much precious time, and I want, therefore, a wife who will be domestic, and not involve me in a round of balls and other en-

tainments. I do not wish to be a hermit; a few friends are a great blessing, and I shall always be glad to gather around me a small circle of the right kind; but promiscuous, fashionable visiting, I detest. Now I think I have found just the partner I require, in Miss Mather. She is well informed, agreeable, simple in her taste, has sound sense, and withal possesses a large share of personal beauty, and, if I mistake not, the power of loving very deeply. If I marry her, and take her to the city, her intuitive tact—and she has this in a remarkable degree—will soon supply any deficiency in manner. In short I do not know where I could make a better choice."

"How?—When she has no accomplishments?"

"She can sing with untouchable grace; and as for jabbering French, I don't know how that would make her better. She would soon learn too, with her quick parts. Besides, I care more to have a wife usefully informed, than to have one possessing only superficial accomplishments."

"But her family! Recollect who your grandfather was?"

"And who was hers? a worthy divine, poor I grant, but estimable. Besides, I am above the cant you talk of. If her parents had been honest, I would care little whether they were of royal blood or peasant extraction. I believe with Burns that 'worth makes the man,' and the only degradation that I acknowledge, is that of crime."

"Well, if you are resolved on it: I know enough of your obstinacy to say no more.—But faith! Lovell, if you had a guardian and I was he, I would take you from this place ere you recovered your senses."

The conversation here ceased, and directly the two friends retraced their steps to the village.

The next morning Lovell's companion came down stairs attired for a journey.

"I am going back to town," he said, "for I am tired of ruralizing. The fit for that is over, and I'm afraid, if I stay here, I shall be as foolish as you."

So the two friends parted, for Lovell remained behind; and in less than a week it was known every where in the village that he and Edith were engaged to be married.

"If you can content yourself with the precarious life of a poor artist," he said, "when he told his affection, 'we may be happy.'"

Edith answered by a look of her bright eyes, so tender, confiding and eloquent, that Lovell adored her from that moment inordinately.

In a fortnight they were married, when Lovell took his bride to see his relations, in the southern city whence he came. Edith's parting with her aunt was sorrowful, but it was made in the expectation of speedily returning. Arrived at Philadelphia, the carriage drove to a handsome residence in Walnut street. It was evening, and Edith was dazzled by the glare of light that burst from the windows.

"This is the place," said Lovell, assisting his wife to alight, and almost carrying her into the superb parlor, with its Saxony carpet, rose wood furniture, costly curtains and gilded mirrors reaching from ceiling to door.

"Whose house is this? Have you relatives living thus?" said Edith, surprised at so much magnificence.

"It was my house, it is now yours, dear one," said her husband. "I am not a poor artist, but a man rich in worldly goods, yet richest of all in you."

Three years have passed since then, and Edith has fulfilled all that her husband foretold of her. She has made the best of wives, and is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the circle she moves in. Lovell's friend married a silly, fashionable woman, and no greater contrast in happiness exists than between these two former friends.

A handsome rural cottage, filled with all the appliances of luxury, has been erected in Edith's native village, and thither, every summer, she and her husband repair to visit her aged aunt, who has been installed mistress of this pretty retreat.

THE WOOD-ENGRAVER.

Or, the odd Fellows Claim.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

"Where this evening, Charles?" asked a lovely married woman of her husband.—The tone was slightly sneering, though she smiled as she spoke.

"I am on a visiting committee, and have to make a call on a sick brother," answered Mr. Preston as he put on his gloves.

The lady pouted.

He took up his hat and approached her with a playful smile.

"Ah Mary, I fear you will never overcome your hostility—it is no longer prejudiced but hostility to the lodge."

"And I do not wish to. Here you were away from me Tuesday night until nine o'clock, and now on Thursday you are off again."

"But I have duties I owe to others as well as to yourself, Mary! I give you five evenings and often six in every week, and you have a great portion of my time during the day. We must sacrifice something for others. As members of the great community, we have duties external to those due to our immediate families."

"But you had no such duties until you became an Odd Fellow."

"I did not, till I became an Odd Fellow, see so plainly the duty I owed to my fellow creatures as I now do. Becoming an Odd Fellow has enlarged my views of benevolence and opened to me a field for its exercise."

"And pray what are you to exercise it upon to-night? Who do you visit? she asked."

"Pelton, who joined the lodge a year ago! I learn by a note I received from the Noble Grand while I was at tea, is discovered to be quite ill. He has been absent from the lodge for several meetings, but as no one reported him ill, I was not aware of it till now. As he lives in the next street, I must go and see him."

"What is he?"

"An Odd Fellow."

"I mean his trade!"

"By that you mean how respectable is he? We Odd Fellows, Mary, know no distinction of trades within the lodge. We are all brothers and friends. He is a mechanic—a wood engraver. I believe I have several times spoken with him and like him he is quiet, unassuming, and quite interesting in conversation. I have heard him speak in the lodge with great fluency and eloquence. His health has been delicate of late."

"You seem to feel very much for such a sort of persons, it seems to me! Well, go! I will try and pass the evening as well as I can as I do when you are at the lodge!" and the lady pouted and looked ill-pleased.

"Why not let me call and ask lively Amy Ouis to drop in and pass the evening?"

"I had rather not have her."

"Why not go into your father's. I will see you there, and call for you when I come back."

"No."

"Then pass the time reading Frederick Bremer's last."

"I shall go to bed."

This was said so very positive and angry that her husband said no more, except good evening.

She waited till she heard him close the street door, and then sprang up and began to pace the room. The cricket was in her way, and she kicked it out of her way.—The piano stool was an obstacle to the free exercise of her limbs, and she tilted it over. For full five minutes she continued in this amiable mood, during which Annals strewed the floor, chairs were laid on their backs, and the poker and shovel took a turn or two of cachucha about the room.—At length she threw herself upon a sofa and played the devil's tattoo with her little left foot upon the carpet till she was tired. She then pulled her feet far to pieces and cast the fragments around her; took up a book, and glanced to it and flung it to the further side of the room, greatly to the peril of a splendid French mirror, and to the utter demolition of a cognac bottle that unluckily lay in its pro-

gress. The fragrance of the spilled cognac, or perhaps exhaustion, calmed her, and after venting a few gentle epithets at the Odd Fellows in general and at her husband in particular, she rang for an ice cream to be brought from the next confectioner's a very excellent cooler in such cases.

Mrs. Preston was not a simpleton, nor a wixen, nor a fool. She had good sense, a cultivated mind, and knew a great deal better than to act as she did. But she was jealous, jealous of the lodge, not of a woman, for she had too just an appreciation of her own beauty, if not of Charles' constancy, to be jealous of any lady. No. The lodge was her rival. It robbed her of a part of his society, all of which she felt it was her right to monopolize. She was like a stingy child with a sweet apple. He must enjoy it in a corner lest somebody should want a bite.

She had, from the first, openly shown her hostility to the lodge; and many had been the scenes of tears and recriminations between them; he being too firm to yield to her weak entreaties to withdraw from an Institution he knew to be so worthy; and she so blind only to her own selfish love for every hour of his time. At his refusal she would retort.

"You pretend to Friendship, Love, and Truth? Where is your friendship for me? Where is your love for me! Where is your truth when you refuse this to my love after you solemnly pledged yourself when you married me, Charles, to love and honor me. Is this honoring or loving me? If you think so, I do not!"

"What are you awaiting prescription in these matters? she managed to receive her husband very amiably, when at half past nine he returned.

He looked gratified at the change in her but made no remark before Miss Ouis. He was grave and thoughtful. At length he said, smiling, as he looked at his wife—

"Miss Amy, my wife has scolded me a little for being an Odd Fellow, you know. She tried to have me stay in to night but as I was on the sick committee; I could not very well. I am thankful she did not, he said impressively. "Would you like to hear, he added, addressing the young lady, "where I have been?"

"Yes, she answered laughingly. "Let us hear, Sir, of some of your great benevolent doings!"

"After I had walked 5 minutes from my door, I turned into—Lane, and with some difficulty found the house I sought. It was small and of humble exterior. I knocked and a poor thin, pale young woman came to the door. I asked if Mr. Pelton lived there? She said that he did. I told her I had come to see him, having just heard of his illness.

"He is indeed ill Sir, I am glad you have come to see him Sir. Are you an Odd Fellow? she asked with an eager look.

"Yes."

"Then all is well for us!" she answered gratefully. He is my husband Sir, He has not been well this six months. And the last six weeks he hasn't been able to work for the *laigue* in his fingers. This worried him and wore upon him and made him right sick at last. Well as his daily earnings were cut up by the four children and us two as fast as it came in, if he lost a day it was robbing the mouths that depended on him, and he has been paid low of late there is so many engravers that are not married that work for very little. So he grew sick and took to bed with fever."

"And how long has he been so ill?"

"Four weeks Sir."

"And why has he not made it known to the lodge?"

"So I told him but he said no. He said he would keep from the funds of the lodge till the very last minute. So he made me sell this and that for food and to buy medicine."

"This sensateness was all wrong," I said to her. "The fund was in part his own contribution. He was entitled to it as of right. It is never regarded in the light of alms."

"But he felt it was his, and he is proud. Well, well Sir, we struggled on till to-day, when he proving worse and nothing to eat, and nothing to eat, I made him tell me who was the 'Grande' of the lodge; and so I put on my bonnet when he was asleep, and went straight to his store. He received me kindly, said my husband should at once be attended to, and that's only an hour since, and here you are already Sir, come to see me!"

She pressed my hands with tears and expressions of the deepest gratitude. I entered the sick man's room. He lay upon a bed reduced to a skeleton. He turned his large glazed eyes on me. "You have come to a poor man's house Sir," he said, as if mortified at his poverty. "I did not expect I should so soon call on the charity of the lodge."

"You are claiming of me only your right and my duty," I said. "No Odd Fellow can be regarded as an object of charity.—He is looked upon as a distressed brother, and the duties extended to him are those of love. We owe each other only love. Is it this that has brought me here?"

He smiled gratefully, and pressed my hand with his skeleton fingers which were hot to the touch. I found that he and his family were perfectly destitute. There was no cooling medicine for him, no food for them. His wife said that the children had eaten nothing since dinner and were going to bed crying for food, and she had for their sake eaten nothing since the night before.

"Oh horror! dreadful!" exclaimed both Amy and Mrs. Preston in tones of the next grocery. There I filled my handkerchief with bread, cheese, cakes and oranges for the sick man, and a paper of tea and sugar; under my arm I placed a bottle of wine, and in my hand bore a quart of milk. With those treasures I hastened back to the scene of affliction and wretchedness.—My presence soon cast sunshine upon the gloom. In less than half an hour things wore a new face. I despatched a note to my fellow committee with instructions to bring a physician, and to come prepared to stay for the night as my wife would by no means give me permission to be out.

"Charles! Charles! this is too severe!" said his wife bursting into tears.

"Nay, then, Mary, I did not write so to him of you! I withdraw the words!"

"I deserved it if you did! I have been all wrong! Forgive me!"

"Freely!" he said kissing her hand.—"I remained until they came with Dr. — By the time I can be away, everything around the invalid was comfortable clean bedding, clean linen for himself, and plenty of food in the house. The doctor said with careful nursing he might recover.—I took leave of him a little while since leaving the two Odd Fellows watching by his bedside. When they leave him at dawn their place will be supplied by two others. I ought to be one of them, but—"

Charles! Charles! Go! Be one of them! From this moment I shall speak only of your Order with honor and affection."

EASTERN ANECDOTE.

As a woman was walking, a man looked at her and followed her.

"Why do you follow me?" she asked.

"Because I have fallen in love with you," he replied.

"Why are you in love with me?" said she.

"My sister is much handsomer; she is coming after me; go and make love to her."

The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face. Being much displeased he turned to the first one and said—

"Why did you tell me a falsehood?"

"Neither did you speak the truth!" replied she: for if you were really in love with me, why did you leave me to look upon my sister?"

There is much good sense in the remark: says an exchange, and if more girls were as sensible as this there would be less incertainty.

Charity begins at home.